

A MODERN MAECENAS.

Count Esterhazy Had Theatre, Race Course and Artists All to Himself.

large family fortune, and he had to his own disposal only the splendid domain of Nordkirchen, in Westphalia, which he inherited from his mother. Here he lived two or three months in every year, spending his other time in the several European capitals. His favorite occupation was to hold amateur circuses with all his servants, he himself being the ringmaster. On one occasion it happened that he gonged out with his whip the left eye of his valet Tom, the son of an Englishman. As compensation he bought Tom a glass eye, gave him a nice farm and built him a splendid villa. From that day Tom had an overwhelming influence upon his master.

Then the old Count died. A short time afterward the oldest son, a congenial idiot, died, and Nicholas suddenly became "Majoratsherr," the master of an immense fortune, with a yearly income of almost two million gulden. He immediately took possession of the old family castle at Tata, in Hungary, and his first effort was to make it a worthy capital of "his little kingdom," as he liked to call the great estate.

into a lake, on which yacht races could be held. He wanted to own the whole town, as his forefathers did. So he bought every property which was on sale in the village and very soon two-thirds of the houses were painted red, the sign of the Count's ownership. The inhabitants did not worry, as they found out that it was only necessary to know the Count personally in order to avoid paying rent.

As a result of the Count's sporting inclinations most of the English trainers, jockeys and other people connected with horse racing in Austria-Hungary settled at Tata, which became the largest English colony in Austria-Hungary. About 2,500 Englishmen are living there, and the English language is more heard in the coffee houses, clubs and other public places than Hungarian.

In Tata and vicinity he was regarded as a little king, and sarcastic people often drew parallels between Louis XIV. at the Pare aux Cerfs and between Nicholas Esterhazy at Tata.

As a sportsman the Count had many peculiarities. He never bet on any race except the classical race in England, Germany, Austria or Hungary. On such days he was in his castle at Tata or Nordheim, lying in bed, and his physicians had to treat him with narcotics so as to calm his terrible excitement. A mounted envoy was posted at the telegraph station with orders to gallop at full speed to the castle, sounding his trumpet in case the victory of his horse was reported. The victory was then celebrated most solemnly. All the inhabitants of the little village were invited into the castle, and at such times everybody could get from the Count what he wanted. Menace presents, by which young actors, actresses and singers were enabled to complete their education, were given on these occasions.

On the course of the Count in Tata races were held twice yearly. Nobody ever knew how much the Count spent for the entertainment of his guests on such occasions. He never knew how many horses he owned. Although he only bred horses of the highest quality, any of his friends could have a horse from him at any time. If the friend expressed a wish to get one the Count told him, "Go to Tata and take your choice." A few years ago the Count made up his mind to breed trotting horses. He won the first trotting derby at Vienna in which his horses were engaged, and after the victory he gave the winner to the trainer.

The other passion to which Nicholas Esterhazy devoted lavishly, his time and money was the theatre. He had a theatre at Tata, where a regular company under the Count's own management performed a few weeks every year. The Count paid all expenses and his friends from Vienna and Budapest, often from Paris and London, too, formed the audience. It was mostly young talent which appeared on this stage. Young authors produced their first products and if the actors and actresses showed talent—or if the actress was exceedingly pretty—they could be sure to get a yearly allowance to enable them to finish their studies. There is scarcely a theatre in Europe in which there is not at least one artist who was thus educated at Count Nicholas Esterhazy's expense.

Mr. Leo Friedrich, who had a dramatic school in Vienna, furnished the young actors and actresses for the "Hof-Theatre" in Tata. Very soon the rumor spread that the young girls who were Friedrich's pupils were corrupted at Tata, where, the rumor said, the performances were followed by orgies. As a result of these rumors Friedrich was deprived of his theatre license. As a matter of fact, it was afterward shown that Count Nicholas never took part in these alleged orgies. He retired every night at 9, when the performance ended, and probably did not know what went on in the great castle night after night.

Esterhazy always had his own architect, his own artists, his own sculptor, his own orchestra, etc. For these magnificent tastes he was often compared to King Louis II. of Bavaria.

There was another passion which cost the Count a great deal of money. When he learned of the financial troubles of some young aristocratic officer in the Austro-Hungarian army and was informed that the young officer was a good man, he paid the debts, which often amounted to hundreds of thousands of gulden, and had the officer sent abroad. In most such cases the Count himself did not know personally the man whom he helped. Among the officers so saved were a Ritter von Ellinger, Baron Twinkl, Count Starchenberg and Count Gyurky.

OUR COCO--- WHERE IS HE?

The French Quarter Is Desolate at the Loss of an Inimitable Artist.

FOR a week there has been sorrow and consternation in the old French Quarter of New York, which is situated in and about Wooster street, below Washington square. Coco had vanished, no man knew whither. The most convivial, the most humorous, the most typical denizen of the Quarter had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, leaving no clue to his fate. For all the good people knew he might be lying dead in the gutter or be detained by force among strangers. It was generally recognized that if any dishonest persons had got Coco in their power and had the intelligence to perceive his worth and his talents they would never relinquish him.

The citizens of the Quarter were loath to believe that Coco had temporarily departed from the path of rectitude and strayed into evil company. Much confidence was placed in his well-known uprightness of life. For years he had been a pattern of good conduct to young and old. He had a knowledge of the world and scenes of depravity were not altogether unfamiliar to him. But he had always been virtuous, sober and respectable, and his dress was a model of neatness. He was indeed noted for his witty remarks and funny little songs, but he never exceeded the limits of that delicate suggestion which is never shocking in a French artist.

The misfortune which had befallen Mme. Dumont's household in the loss of Coco was a subject of general comment. He was loved and admired both for his talents and for his personal qualities.

There is no gift more highly prized in the Quarter than that of being amusing. He who helps to pass agreeably the hours of coffee and cognac is accounted a worthy citizen, for he adds to the sum of human happiness. Coco was thus amusing, and therefore he was beloved, and when he

went away he was mourned.

"Oh, qu'il est drole, le pauvre vieux," said the proprietor of the Boulangerie Francaise.

"Et il aimait tant le cognac et le sucre," said Madamie, his wife, who had always been uncommonly hospitable to Coco.

"Et il chantait et sifflait si bien," said the keeper of the restaurant.

"We shall not look upon his like again," was the general opinion expressed in many ways.

The little boys and girls, who are few but good in the Quarter, mourned for Coco. He had been a friend to all of them. They had given him sugar and he had whistled and sung songs for them and endeavored to teach them the secret of his humorous ways.

It may be interesting to mention that Coco was a parrot by birth. How old he was no one knows, but in spirit he was ever youthful. Ten years ago General Cluseret, the famous Communard, gave him to Angeline, the little daughter of Mme. Dumont. In his room over her store at No. 178 Wooster street he wrote his "Memoirs de la Commune," and while he worked Coco whistled and sang to him. The book proved a sensation, and a success. The General was pardoned and returned to France. Coco, with a reputation already growing in the Quarter, remained behind.

He could whistle "La Marseillaise" and "La Carmagnole" beautifully. His knowledge of other patriotic and popular airs was extensive. He used with facility the slang of Paris, but was always funny without being vulgar.

Yvette Guilbert went to hear Coco sing and was mightily pleased with him. She recognized in him talents of an order similar to her own.

Sarah Bernhardt also visited him and recited for his benefit a short scene from a play, with a view to promoting his education in a higher branch of wit than he had yet attempted. Coco received these ladies with a politeness worthy of a parrot of French education.

Coquelin was another of Coco's distinguished visitors. He recited to him a passage from "Vert Vert," a poem on a parrot, written by an academicien of the last century.

Nearly every Frenchman of importance who came to this city called upon Coco. The Consul and Mr. Frederic R. Coudert were both warm friends and admirers of the inimitable parrot, and whenever they had to entertain a visitor from France they liked to introduce him to the feathered humorist.

Coco was so smooth, so unctuous, so self-contained in his humor! He had an inimitable manner of winking his eye. He could have taught Cissy Fitzgerald about

as much as Yvette Guilbert could have taught him. When he said something particularly good he stretched out his neck, turned his head sideways and slowly winked one eye. The people of the Quarter

Count Nicholas Esterhazy, the Hungarian nobleman, who died the other day, was one of the most remarkable men in Europe. As a patron of sport, art and the drama, he was without an equal. His generosity was



The Princely Sport Who Kept a Doctor to Brace Him if His Horses Lost.

ter believe that his family never produced so fine a linguist. For hours he would sit and make observations in fluent and idiomatic French, with occasional interruptions in English, which he had learned from French lips.

fabulous

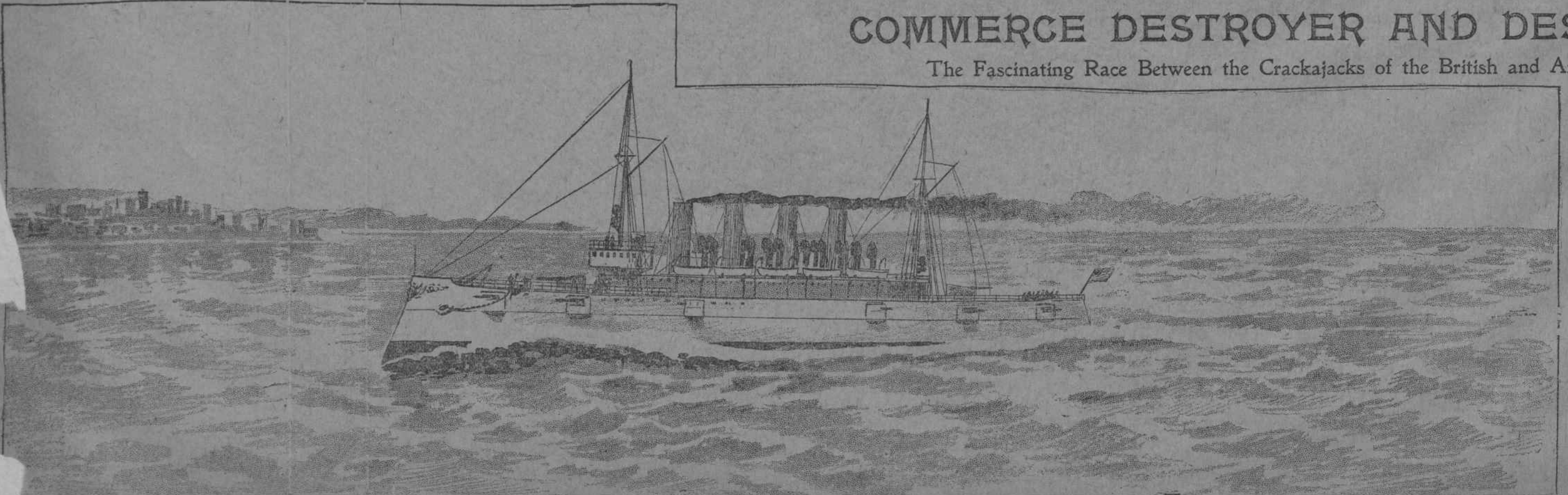
Until his forty-sixth year he had no much chance to show his inclination to eccentricities. His father, a good old conservative Magnat, took good care of the

In surprisingly short time he built there a theatre, a circus, an Old English street, a Forum, a Greek amphitheatre and a racing course with all the modern improvements. A little marsh was transformed

cept when his horses were engaged. Then he would bet, but not more than 300 gulden, and if he won the money belonged to the people of his stable. But he never was present when his horses were engaged in a

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